SOPHISTICATED SUSPENSE
SWAMP THING
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WINNER OF TWO 1984 EAGLE AWARDS!
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1985
By,
ALAN MOORE, STAN WOCH & RON RANDALL

THERE'S A MONSTER THAT LIVES OUT IN THE SWAMPS. EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT.

THEY EVEN RAN AN ARTICLE IN LOUISIANA LIFE (JAN./FEB. 1984), ABOUT SOME FOOTPRINTS THAT THEY FOUND IN DUGDEMONA SWAMP, DOWN NEAR HODGE.

PERHAPS YOUR LIBRARY COULD FIND YOU A COPY.

THE FOOTPRINTS WERE 13 INCHES LONG, WITH A 57-INCH STRIDE. SOME PEOPLE THOUGHT IT WAS PROBABLY A BEAR FROM THE ATCHAFALAYA BASIN.

SINCE BEAR TRACKS ARE GENERALLY ABOUT SIX INCHES LONG, OTHERS WEREN'T CONVINCED.

BUT THEN, ISN'T THAT USUALLY THE WAY WITH MONSTER STORIES? THERE'S NEVER ANY REAL EVIDENCE...

...AND IT REMAINS LARGELY A QUESTION OF FAITH.

6-21-84

HMMM...

NOW, WHAT HAVE WE HERE...?

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2

HMMP.

OH, WELL.... WHO KNOWS?

LET ME TAKE YOU DOWN, LA DA DADA DAAAAA DEE DEE DEE DUM DEE DEE DEE DUM...

...AND SOMETHING - SOMETHING - LA LA LA...

STRAWBERRY FIELDS FOREVER.

STOP! IN THE NAME OF LOVE LA DADA DEE DEE DAH OWOH -- WOH -- WOH...

BATON ROUGE

G'NIGHT, MAN! THANKS FOR THE RIDE!

HAPPY TRAILS TOOO YOOOOO DAA DUM DA-DUM...

TRAGEDY! WHEN YOU FEEL IT'S GONE AN' YOU CAIN'T GO ON, IT'S...

HUNH?

WHERE IN HELL'D THAT COME FROM?

KLITCH

;HAHH!;

FILLMORE EAST THE ALLMAN BROTHERS

ZLAP

BOTANY!!

BOTANY!!

BOTANY!!

HMM.

BOTANY!!

BOK BOK

CHESTER?

BOK BOK BOK!

CHESTER? IT'S ME!

BOTANY!!

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.

OH, HI, DAVE.

I...I SPOKE TO MIKE AT THIRD EYE BOOKS. HE SAID YOU'D BE IN LATER, SO...

SURE, LEMME TAKE THE CHAIN OFF...

GOOD TO SEE YOU, MAN. BEEN A LONG TIME.

UH...

I, UH, DON'T SUPPOSE SANDY IS ANY BETTER...?

FILLMORE EAST — THE ALLMAN BROTHERS

UH...

DAVE?

OH, GOD, SHE'S DYING.

AHUH. AHUH HUH HUH...

CHESTER, WHAT AM I GONNA DO?

SHE KNOWS SHE'S GOING SOON. AT THE HOSPITAL THEY SAID THE CANCER WAS INOPERABLE AN' SO, LIKE, SHE SAID SHE'D RATHER BE AT HOME WHEN IT HAPPENED, BUT...

SHE'S IN PAIN, MAN.

GOD, IT'S HURTIN' HER SO MUCH.

UHH... HOW LONG DOES SHE... I MEAN, UH...

GOD, I DUNNO. IT HAS TO BE SOON. TONIGHT, TOMORROW, THE NIGHT AFTER.

SHE'S MY WIFE, CHES, I CAN'T WATCH HER HURTING LIKE THIS.

I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT *HAVE* SOMETHING... SOME KINDA *DOPE* THAT WOULD MAKE IT *BETTER*.

THE *AUTHOR*, ALDOUS *HUXLEY*... DIDN'T THEY GIVE *HIM* DOPE WHEN HE WAS DYING?

CHES, DO *YOU* HAVE ANYTHING LIKE THAT?

HELL, DAVE, I *DUNNO*...

I'VE BEEN DOIN' TEN DAYS *BROWN RICE*, TRYIN' T'CLEAN MY *SYSTEM* OUT, Y'KNOW?

I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING *HERE* RIGHT NOW THAT WOULD...

UHHH...

UH, LOOK... THIS PROBABLY WON'T DO ANY *GOOD*, BUT...

WELL, THIS IS SOMETHIN' I FOUND OUT IN THE *SWAMPS* TODAY.

BEEN *TRYIN'* TO *IDENTIFY* IT, BUT REALLY, I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* THE HELL IT IS...

IT'S A LITTLE LIKE A *YAM*, BUT IT'S REALLY *COMPLEX* AN' *HIGHLY ORGANIZED*.

IT'S GOT *SOME* SIMILARITIES WITH *DATURA ROOT*, SO *MAYBE* IT'S SOME SORTA UNKNOWN *PSYCHEDELIC*...

I DUNNO. YOU *WANT* IT, IT'S *YOURS*. NO CHARGE.

A-AND THIS IS ALL THAT YOU HAVE?

HEY, I'M SORRY, MAYBE I COULD ASK AROUND FOR YA...

NO...NO, I THINK IT HAS TO BE TONIGHT.

I'LL TAKE A PIECE OF THIS. IT CAN'T MAKE HER ANY WORSE, CAN IT?

FILLMORE JENKS FOR ALL-MAN BOOTHER

THANKS, CHES. SORRY ABOUT CRYIN' AND EVERYTHING. IT'S JUST...

I KNOW, MAN. IT'S OKAY.

IT'S OKAY.

YOU GET BACK HOME TO HER NOW. AN' TELL HER CHESTER SAYS GOD BLESS AN' SENDS HIS LOVE.

BOK BOK BOK

DAVE?

HOLD ON, MAN.

OH, MILO.

CHESTER! HOW YA DOIN'? SEEIN' MUCH O' THAT CHICK LATELY? WHAT WAS HER NAME... NOT MUCH OF A FACE, BUT NICE LEGS...

ME AN' SUZANNE SPLIT UP A COUPLE MONTHS BACK.

MILO, LOOK, I'M EXPECTING FRIENDS...

SURE, SURE... LISSEN, I JUST CAME BY, Y'KNOW, T'SEE IF YOU HAD ANYTHIN' *INTERESTIN'* AROUND THE PLACE.

MY *MAIN* CONNECTION IS AWAY ON *BUSINESS*, AN' I FEEL LIKE GETTIN' *SCREWED UP* TONIGHT, Y'KNOW?

I WAS TALKIN' T' THAT *SPACE CASE* DOWN AT THE *THIRD EYE*, AN' HE SAID YOU'D BE HOME, SO I THOUGHT...

OOPS.

MILO, I DON'T *HAVE* ANYTHING. I'VE BEEN KEEPIN' *CLEAN* LATELY, AND...

UH... IT'S JUST SOME *STUFF*. I DUNNO *WHAT* IT IS. FOUND IT OUT IN THE *SWAMPS*.

LISTEN, I AIN'T HAD TIME TO CHECK THAT STUFF *OUT* YET. YOU DON'T WANT IT...

CLEAN. SURE.

WHAT'S *THIS*?

THIS SOME KINDA *HERBAL HIGH*, MAN?

IT'S *DOPE*. I *WANNIT*.

MILO, LOOK, THAT'S ALL I GOT IN THE *PLACE*, MAN.

I SAID I *WANNIT!* IT LOOKS INTERESTIN'. C'MON... HOW MUCH YOU *WANT* FOR IT? FIVE DOLLARS? *TEN* DOLLARS?

MILO, I DON'T WANT TO...

LOOK, OKAY, I'LL GIVE YA *FIFTEEN* BUCKS, OKAY? *FIFTEEN* BUCKS FOR ONE LOUSY SLICE O' THAT @UNK!

OHH... LOOK, ALL RIGHT. *FIFTEEN* DOLLARS. TAKE IT AN' GO.

HEY, MAN, THAT'S *GREAT!* I'LL TAKE *THIS* PIECE, 'CUZ IT'S *BIGGEST*...

LISSEN, I AIN'T GOT THE BREAD *ON* ME RIGHT NOW. I'LL HAVE TO *OWE* YOU IT.

OWE ME IT? HEY, MILO, C'MON...

HEY, WHAT'S THE *PROBLEM?* IT'S A HOSTILE WORLD, MAN. WE GOTTA TRUST OUR *FRIENDS*, DON'T WE?

NAHA! SURE WE DO!

SON OF A BITCH.

CATCH YOU *LATER*, CHES.

IF YOU SEE WHAT'S HER NAME WITH THE *LEGS*, TELL HER I WAS *ASKIN'* FOR HER.

I'M SORRY, SANDY. IT'S THE ONLY THING HE HAD.

H-HOW ARE YOU FEELIN', HONEY?

I FEEL SCARED. I FEEL SICK AN' I FEEL SCARED.

HERE. LEMME HAVE THAT STUFF. THAT WHATEVER-IT-IS...

SANDY...

I..I KEEP WAKIN' UP IN THE MORNINGS AND THINKING, "OH, THANK GOD! IT WAS ALL A DREAM!" AN' THEN I REMEMBER, AND...

SANDY, LISTEN, I LOVE YOU...

HUSH, YOU BE STRONG. I'M SCARED BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO DIE, AND I NEED YOU TO BE STRONG.

THIS STUFF. IT DATES KINDA SCENTED. WHAT DID YOU SAY IT WAS...?

IT... IT WAS JUST SOME STUFF CHESTER HAD. JEEZ, I HOPE IT WORKS.

YOU DON'T FEEL ANYTHING YET, DO YOU?

SANDY?

IS ANYTHING HAPPENING?

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CONTINUED ON THE PAGE FOLLOWING

ANCHOR INN

NOTHING! NOT ONE GODDAMN THING!

HOW LONG'S THIS STUFF TAKE TO COME ON, ANYWAY?

THAT CHESTER! THAT CRUMMY, USELESS ACID CASUALTY! . WHAT THE HELL'S HE BEEN TRYIN' TO SELL ME?

HE'S INSULTIN' YOUR REPUTATION 'Z A CONNISEWER, MAN, THASS WHAT HE'S DOIN'!

THERE WAS A BOMB, UNDER THE TABLE. I...ALEC HOLLAND...NO. MILO. MILO FLYNN. I... I REACHED FOR IT, BUT I WAS TOO LATE... TOO LATE...

DAMN RIGHT! DAMN RIGHT HE IS!

...BURNED.

I WAS RIPPED OFF, MAN!

I WAS...

ALEC HOLLAND. ALEC HOLLAND. MY NAME IS...NO! I'M MILO FLYNN! MILO FLYNN...I WOKE UP IN THE LAB. THE MEN WERE GONE...

AAAAAAA!

AND I WAS BURNED BEYOND RECOGNITION.

HEY, MILO? STRAIGHTEN OUT, MAN...

CLOSED

AAAAAA! I'M ON FIRE! OH, GOD, I'M ON FIRE, I'M GONNA DIE...

S-SANDY? WHAT'S LIFE? WHAT ARE YOU...?

LIFE. IT'S ALL LIFE.

YOU, ME, FELIX, EVERYTHING. IT'S ALL THE *SAME THING*, LIKE AN *OCEAN*, BUT ALL *DIVIDED UP* AND CONTAINED IN *SEPARATE* BOTTLES...

DAVID, DAVID, YOU'RE *BEAUTIFUL*...

LOOK, YOU'RE NOT *SUPPOSED* TO BE *WALKIN' AROUND!* YOU'RE *SUPPOSED* TO LIE *STILL*.

YOU...YOU STILL TASTE OF THAT *FRUIT*, IT'S *NICE*. IT'S LIKE...

SANDY?

SANDY, WHERE ARE YOU *GOING*? YOU HAVE TO STAY IN *BED*. HEY, SANDY, COME ON...

THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME FOR LYING STILL.

C'MON, DAVID... YOU HAVE TO *HELP ME*...

YOU HAVE TO HELP ME *OUTSIDE*.

OUT! I'VE TOLD YOU JERKS BEFORE! NO FREAKIN' OFF IN MY BAR!

I FELL INTO THE WATER...INTO THE SWAMP...MOLTEN TALLOW AT SIZZLING ON CONTACT WITH THE COLD, LIQUID MUD...

AND WHEN... I EMERGED... FROM THE DEATH... EVERYTHING WAS DIFFERENT...

AARUHHH..

EVERYTHING

EEYAAAAGH! BUGS!

I GOT BUGS CRAWLING AROUND INSIDE ME! I CAN FEEL 'EM!

OH, GOD, LOOK AT MY ARMS! ALL THESE ROOTS STICKIN' THROUGH ME! ALL THIS STUFF

IT'S GROWING ON ME!

IT'S GROWING ALL OVER!

ALL OVER THE GARDEN

ALL OVER THE WORLD, IN RUSSIA, IN CHINA, EVERYWHERE.

OH, DAVE, CAN YOU SEE IT?

I...I DUNNO. EVERYTHING LOOKS SORTA FRESH AND VIVID, BUT...

SANDY, WE'RE GETTIN' WET OUT HERE...

IT'S ALL GETTING WET.

...AND THE WATER CHANGES FROM SOLID TO LIQUID TO GAS, MOVING AROUND THE PLANET.

...AND THERE'S SEPARATE ICICLES THAT MELT AND VANISH, SEPARATE PUDDLES THAT DRY UP AND THEY'RE GONE...

...BUT THEY'RE NOT GONE! THEY JUST CHANGED STATE IS ALL...

Y'KNOW, ICICLES, SNOWFLAKES, THEY'RE ALL UNIQUE. THEY'VE EACH GOT THEIR OWN BEAUTIFUL SHAPE, AND WHEN THEY MELT IT'S GONE FOREVER.

THAT'S WHERE I AM NOW.

I'VE GOT MY OWN SHAPE, AND I LIKE IT, AND I DON'T WANT TO LOSE IT, BUT...

BUT ICICLES ARE FRIGHTENED OF THE SUN

THERE'S NO NEED.

THERE'S NO NEED FOR ALL THIS FEAR.

I'M NOT DEAD! ALEC HOLLAND IS DEAD, BUT I'M NOT HIM! I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO HE IS!

MILO FLYNN. I'M MILO FLYNN...

SURE, BUDDY. SURE Y'ARE...

SAY, DO YOU HAVE A COUPLA BUCKS TO SPARE?

I BEEN GOIN' THROUGH A BAD PATCH AT WORK, MAN...

EEEYAAAAGH!

AAAAA! LEAVE ME ALONE!

HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOIN', MAN...

HOH! LOOKIT HIS EYES! HE'S ON THE STUFF! OUGHTA STICK THE WHOLE BUNCH IN THE ARMY...

OH, GOD.

OH, GOD, THIS IS WHAT THE WORLD'S REALLY LIKE, ISN'T IT? I CAN SEE IT NOW. WE'RE ALL MONSTERS! WE'RE ALL DEFORMED THINGS, LIVING IN HELL...

EVERYTHING JUST DIES AND ROTS, GETS PULLA BUGS, MINDLESS BUGS, EATIN' EACH OTHER...

IT'S HORROR. IT'S ALL HORROR...

HEY, MONEY... NEED A DATE?

HEY, CREEP, I'M TALKIN' TA YOU! LET A LITTLE LOVE AN' AFFECTION INNAYA LIFE, WHYDONCHA?

DROPLETS.

ALL DISTINCT, INDIVIDUAL, WITH THEIR OWN LITTLE HIGHLIGHTS, THEIR OWN LITTLE REFLECTIONS OF THE WORLD..

..AND THEY RUN TOGETHER AND LOSE THEIR INDIVIDUALITY, BECOMING A PUDDLE, A LAKE, AN OCEAN, MERGING WITH ALL THE OTHER DROPLETS...

FLOWING TOGETHER...

WE SPEND OUR LIVES, PRESSING OUR BODIES AGAINST EACH OTHER, TRYING TO BREAK THE SURFACE TENSION OF OUR SKINS, TO UNITE IN A SINGLE GLEAMING BEAD...

MY LOVE, THE SUN IS COMING, AND OUR UNIQUE SHAPES WILL SOON BE GONE.

LET US REHEARSE THAT MOMENT WHEN OUR SPIRITS FINALLY TRICKLE TOGETHER...

IT'S ALMOST AS IF WE KNOW.

LET'S RUN THROUGH IT JUST ONE LAST TIME.

PLAYTIME.

SCREAMS, WHIMPERING, SPLASHING IN STICKY PUDDLES, STUMBLING THROUGH THE DRIVING ARTERIAL RAIN.

RUNNING THROUGH MONSTER CITY.

IN JERSEY, I SOLD JUNK OUT WITH RAT POISON. IN ARKANSAS, I PUSHED JULIETTE DOWNSTAIRS SO SHE MISCARRIED.

AWAY DOWN THE ALLEY, SOME KIDS ARE BURNING A DOG.

A CITY, A CONTINENT, A WHOLE PLANET FULL OF TORTURE, MADNESS, DEATH...

HEADS SWING LIKE BEADS ON THE PHONE WIRES, BLOATED CROWS MUNCHING BETWEEN THE MURDERED WOMEN LITTERING THE SIDEWALK...

THERE'S NO WAY OUT.

THERE'S NO WAY OUT, BUT I KEEP RUNNING

HEY! MISTER, WATCH OUT! DON TCHA SEE THE LIGHT?

SANDY. .

THERE'S...I CAN SEE... CAN FEEL A SORT OF LIGHT...

SANDY, WHAT IS IT...?

IT'S THE SUN.

BUT...IT'S STILL NIGHTTIME, AND IT'S RAINING. IT CAN'T BE THE...

NOT THAT SUN.

KISS ME.

NOT DEAD! I'M NOT, I'M NOT, I'M NOT!

HEY! POND-LIFE! OUTTA THE WAY!

BEEP BEEP!

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? DON'T ANY OF YOU UNDERSTAND?

I'M IN HELL, BUT I'M NOT DEAD!

THERE'S BEEN A MISTAKE! THERE'S BEEN A TERRIBLE...

...MISTAKE

EEEE

DEAD?

HELL, DAVE, I'M SORRY, MAN...

NO...

NO, DON'T BE SORRY.

IT WASN'T A *BAD* THING, YOU KNOW WHAT I *MEAN*? IT WASN'T A *BAD EXPERIENCE*...

THAT *STUFF* YOU GAVE ME FOR HER...IT MADE EVERYTHING *SO BEAUTIFUL*.

I ONLY GOT A *TASTE* OF IT, WHEN I *KISSED* HER, BUT EVEN *I* COULD FEEL WHAT WAS HAPPENING *INSIDE* HER.

REALLY?

REALLY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, BUT SOMEBODY OUGHT TO *MARKET* IT, *QUICKLY*.

THANKS FOR GIVING IT TO HER, CHESTER. YOU'RE A *GOOD MAN*.

WELL, Y'KNOW, GLAD I COULD HELP. I DIDN'T *REALLY DO* ANYTHING...

YOU GAVE MY WIFE'S LAST MOMENTS SOME *MEANING*, CHESTER. YOU OUGHT TO FEEL GOOD ABOUT THAT.

YEAH.

YEAH, I GUESS I DO.

YOU DUMB HIPPIE BASTARD! I HOPE YOU FEEL *BAD* ABOUT WHAT YOU *DID*, *MAN*!

YOU GAVE *MILO* THAT STUFF, YOU AS GOOD AS *KILLED* HIM!

HEY, HE CAME IN HERE AND *DEMANDED* THAT STUFF, *MAN*! AN' THE *OTHER* PERSON WHO TRIED IT HAD A REAL *GOOD TIME*...

HE WAS SCREAMIN' ABOUT *BURNIN' UP*, *MAN*! THAT DON'T SOUND LIKE NO *GOOD TIME* T' *ME*!

I...I *DUNNO*...

MAYBE THAT STUFF JUST BRINGS OUT WHAT'S IN A PERSON *ALREADY*...

WELL, *MILO* SURE *MUSTA* HAD SOME WEIRD JUNK IN *HIS* HEAD, ALL RIGHT. I AIN'T NEVER *SEEN* ANYBODY *THAT* *MESSED* UP BEFORE!

I JUST... I JUST *FLASHED* ON SOMETHING. THIS *STUFF*... THIS *FRUIT*... IT'S LIKE SOME KINDA *COSMIC* *UTIMUS* *PAPER*, RIGHT?

YOU *EAT* IT, AN' IT TELLS YOU WHETHER YOU'RE A *BAD* PERSON OR A *GOOD* PERSON.

DO YA HAVE ANY *MORE*?

YEAH, YEAH... *LATER* FOR ALL THAT *INTERGALACTIC* CRAP.

AS FAR AS *I'M* CONCERNED, IT'S JUST SOME *WEIRD* *JUNK* THAT *MAKES* PEOPLE *UNBELIEVABLY* *SCREWED* UP...

...WHICH, LIKE, BRINGS ME TO WHAT I WANNED T' *ASK* YA...

I THREW HIM OUT.

TEN MINUTES LATER I NOTICED MY YIN-YANG PAPERWEIGHT HAD DEMATERIALIZED.

WORTHLESS LOUSY JUNKIE. I HOPE HE DIES.

IT'S LATE NOW, AND I GOT SOME COUNTRY JOE PLAYING HERE...

"IF I TAKE ONE MORE TRIP NOW, DON'T THINK I'LL EVER COME DOWN..."

I DUNNO, MAN.

I REALLY DON'T KNOW.

I THINK I'M A GOOD PERSON. I MEAN, THAT'S WHAT I TRY TO BE...

I DON'T ABUSE THE PLANET, OR OTHER PEOPLE, AND I'M NEVER VIOLENT OR ANYTHING...

THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION: HEAVEN AND HELL

BUT, LIKE, I STILL EAT MEAT, AND I SOMETIMES THINK SOME PRETTY BAD THINGS...

I SAID SOME STUFF TO SUZANNE BEFORE SHE LEFT, AND I WISH I HADN'T SAID IT.

I WAS SO BITTER.

BUT, HELL, THERE'S WORSE PEOPLE THAN ME. AT LEAST I NEVER HIT A WOMAN. SOME GUYS DO THAT ALL THE TIME!

I GUESS IN THE END, YOU'RE AS GOOD A PERSON AS YOU THINK YOU ARE...

CONCLUDED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING

IT'S JUST A QUESTION OF FAITH, THAT'S ALL.

NAHH.

NEXT: BOGEYMEN!